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There once was a Pantico and his name was Steve



15 1 2

Chapter 1 by Feodor

Steve was a Pantico. He didn't know that until he was 15 days old. Was there ever such a lonely thing as a Steve the Pantico? Three days into his cycle, Steve decided to live a life of meaning, and so his wondrous tales began.

Chapter 2 by Feodor



Steve hadn't worn many clothes as a youth, neither had his cousin, Pete. They were never all that close, which is the nature of Panticos. But on this one very bizarre day, Steve received a parcel. 'To the cousin I never asked for and always wanted'

The green leaves fell apart on touch. The parcel had one single spider web ribbon wrapped around the middle and tied in a bow on the top. Cautiously Steve opened the nutshell. Three little dots. Three little acorns. One was bigger than the other two, which were both long and thin. There was a note attached to the shell "872 2nd branch, 1st exit, the first day of the waxed moon. Be there or be square. And were the undies, weren't they 2 days old anymore. -Snot and silk, Pete"

Steve was in shock. What kind of person had Pete become? And where was this branch Steve had never heard of? And what in bird's name were these, these, underwear folk. They looked like three acorns to him. And to most they probably would have, but to Pete these seemed important, and cousins stick together. He decided to go, partially because it had been far too long since the Pantico Royal family had been together, and partially because he had a particular disliking for squares. Steve set off the next morning. And Dragon bless him, the acorns, weren't in the right places.

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